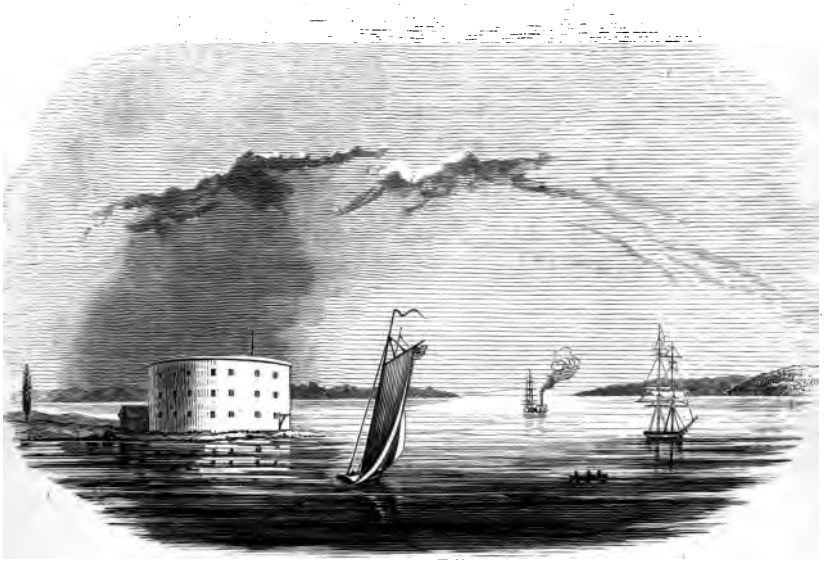
CHUCH.



THULIA LEAVING THE HARBOR.

TULIA:

A TALE OF THE ANTARCTIC.

BY

J. C. PALMER, U. S. N.

"Audax nimium qui freta primus
Rate tam fragili perfidâ rupit."

SENECA.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL COLMAN,

MDCCCXLIII.

WINDT, PRINTER, 99 READE STREET

TO

LIEUT. WILLIAM M. WALKER, U. S. N.

This Poem,

FOUNDED ON THE ADVENTURES OF THE

U. S. SCHOONER FLYING-FISH, UNDER HIS COMMAND,

IN THE HIGHEST SOUTHERN LATITUDE

ATTAINED BY ANY VESSEL OF THE EXPLORING EXPEDITION,

Is Respectfully Inscribed.

PREFACE.

THE following Poem is a true story of the incidents more minutely detailed in the Appendix, to which the reader is referred for a narrative prepared from the journals of the 'Flying-Fish.' It unfortunately happened that all these journals, which had been collected on board the U. S. Ship Peacock, were lost with that vessel, at the mouth of the Columbia; so that the account which I wrote only for the gratification of a few friends, has become the sole remaining history of a highly interesting adventure.

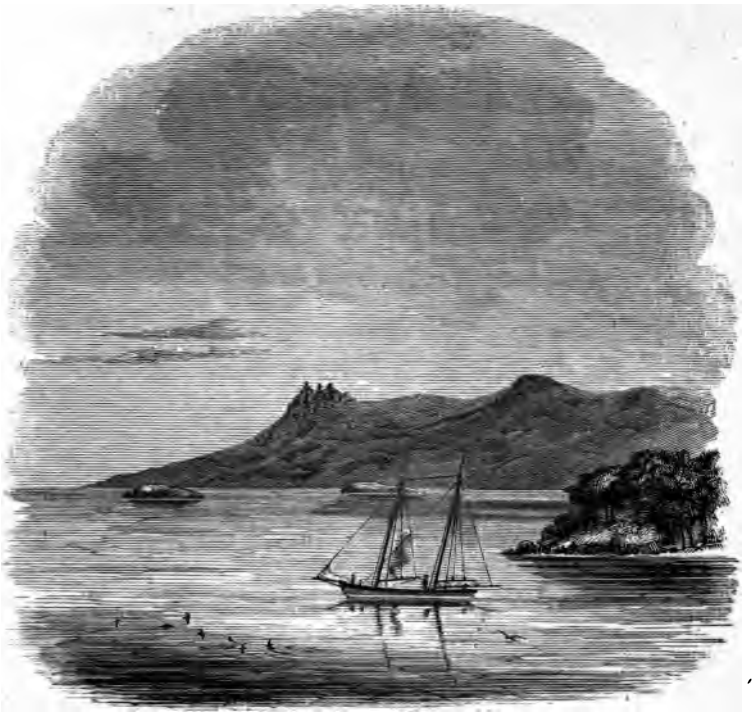
J. C. P.

BALTIMORE, September 1st, 1842.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY A. T. AGATE,

One of the Artists of the Exploring Expedition.



THULIA.

I.

Deep in a far and lonely bay,[1]
  Begirt by desert cliffs of snow,
A little bark at anchor lay,
  In southern twilight's fiery glow.

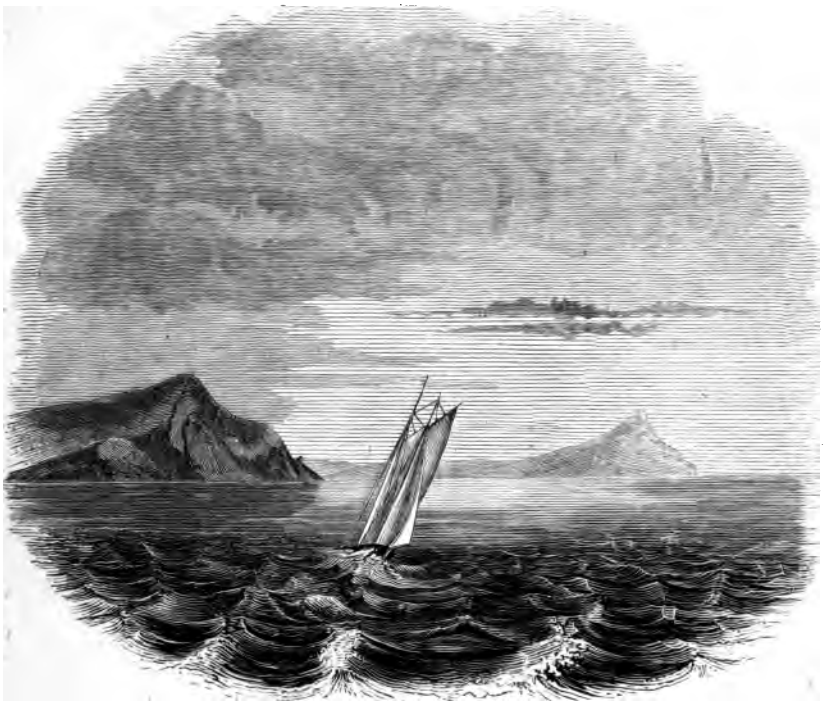
Too frail a shell—too lightly borne
  Upon the bubble of a wave,
To face the terrors of Cape Horn,
  Or stern Antarctic seas to brave.

In other days, she loved to glide
  O'er Hudson's bosom bright and still;[2]
And float along the tranquil tide,
  By craggy steep and sloping hill.

Now, like a land-bird, blown away
  By tempests from its happy nest,
She flies before the whirling spray,
  To seek this dreary place of rest.

The night-air through her cordage sings:
  Her sides the drowsy waters lave,
As, like a gull with folded wings,
  She lightly sits upon the wave.

While over-head, a holy sign,
The southern cross, is in the sky ;
Assurance that an eye divine
Watches the exile from on high.



II.

THE braying penguin sounds his horn,
And flights of cormorants are screaming
Their croaking welcome to the morn,
Athwart the frozen mountains gleaming.

Fleet as the tern that wakeful springs,
  From stunted beech or blighted willow,
Our little Thulia spreads her wings,
  And off she skims across the billow.

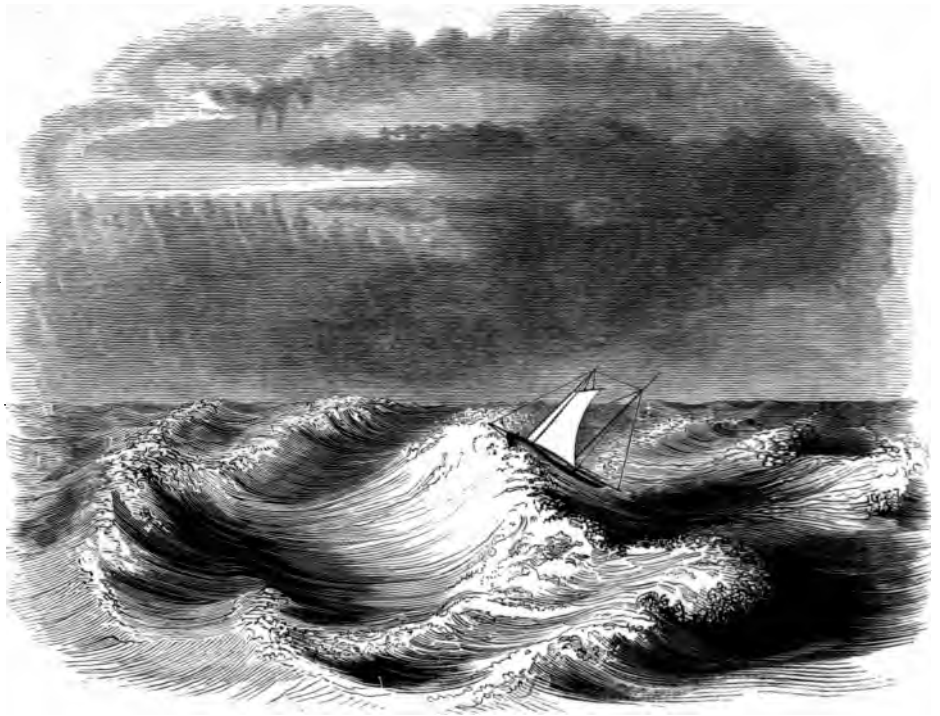
A fairer morning, o'er the face
  Of wintry region, never smiled;
And, 'mid the ripples at its base,
  The stormy Cape itself looks mild.[3]

With hopes elate, and hearts that spurn
  All thought of fearing wind or waves,
The eager rovers southward turn,
  To seek new space for human graves.

Ah! had the primal sin, that bore
  The doom of death, but made us wise,
Not now for luxury or lore,
  Would man give up his Paradise;

Or quit the haunts he ranged of old,
  The land of love that gave him birth,
For thirst of glory or of gold,
  To wander up and down the earth.

But youth and manhood thus we pass,
  Deluded by the wish to roam;
And find with age—too late, alas!—
  That all our joys were left at home.



III.

THE wind is up: the storm once more
  Asserts dominion o'er the main;
And onward leads, with thundering roar,
  His mingled hosts of hail and rain.

O'er mounds of vapour darkly rolled,
  Huge castled clouds are towering high,[4]
Confronting with the billows bold,
  That dash defiance to the sky.

Deep in the hollow of a wave,
  The sea-bird swoops to find a lee;
But where the maddened waters rave,
  What refuge, puny bark, for thee?

Now by the surges upward whirled,
  She totters on their crests of snow:
Anon, precipitately hurled,
  Down topples to the gulf below.

The leaden skies above her frown,
  Through frozen drifts of cutting sleet;
And combing billows tumbling down,
  Infold her like a winding-sheet.

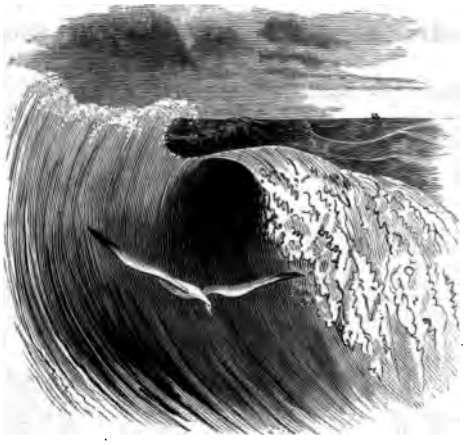
The dove that wandered from the ark,
  To seek her long-deserted nest,
Had vainly hovered round this bark,
  For one dry spot her wing to rest.

The very creatures of the brine
  Appear to know her hapless plight·
And snorting herds of fishy swine,
  Come plunging round to mock her flight :

While, from the vortex in her wake,
  High spouts the whale his flood of spray,
Lashing the waters till they quake
  Beneath his flooks' tremendous play.

Serenely sweeps that stately bird,
  Whose wing, more fair than polar snows,
In all his flight is never stirred,
  Out of its tranquil, proud repose.

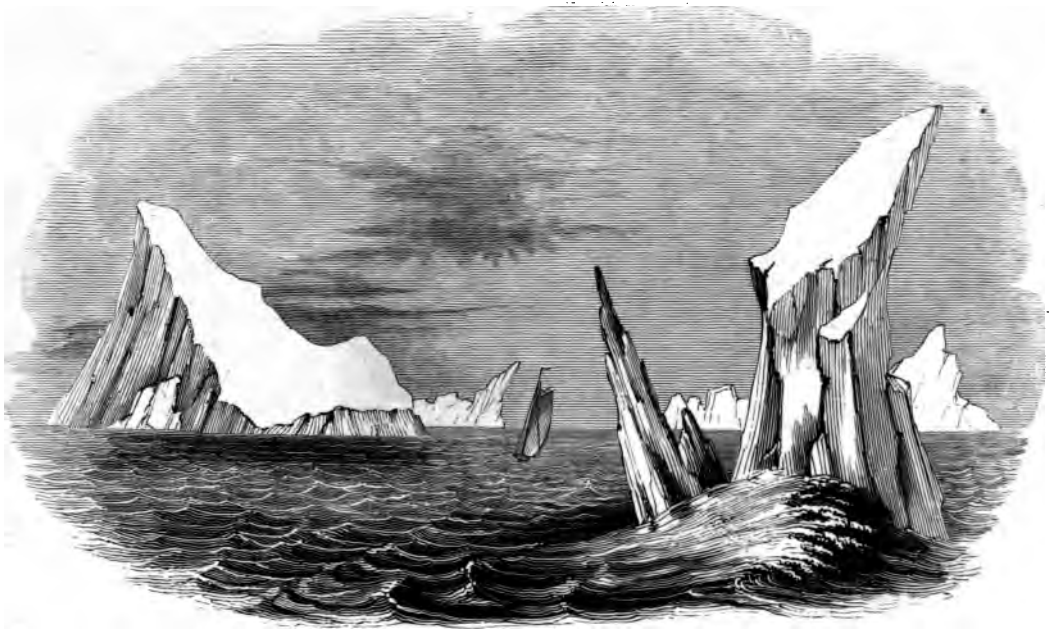
And with the roving albatross,
  The sheath-bill flickers round and round ;
And petrels hop the foam across,
  Where lightest janthine might be drowned.[5]



With oval disk and feeble blaze,
  Now shrinks away the pallid sun;
And Night comes groping through the haze,
  Like guilty ghost in cerements dun.

The dank, cold fog, slow-settling down,
  Hangs o'er the waste a murky pall;
And round the narrow, misty zone,
  The seas heave up a wavy wall.

The storm outspent has ceased to howl:
The winds have moaned themselves to sleep;
And Darkness broods with sullen scowl,
Over the stranger and the deep.



IV.

No sparrow greets the clear cold morn—
No swain comes forth with carol gay;
But wild the sea-bird's scream is borne,
And thus the sailor chants his lay.

Antarctic Mariner's Song.[6]

I.

Sweetly, from the land of roses,
Sighing comes the northern breeze;
And the smile of dawn reposes,
All in blushes, on the seas.
Now within the sleeping sail,
Murmurs soft the gentle gale.
Ease the sheet, and keep away:
Glory guides us south to-day.

II.

Yonder, see! the icy portal
  Opens for us to the Pole;
And, where never entered mortal,
  Thither speed we to the goal.
Hopes before, and doubts behind,
On we fly before the wind.
Steady, so—now let it blow!
Glory guides, and south we go.

III.

Vainly do these gloomy borders,
  All their frightful forms oppose;
Vainly frown these frozen warders,
  Mailed in sleet, and helmed in snows.
Though, beneath the ghastly skies,
Curdled all the ocean lies,
Lash we up its foam anew—
Dash we all its terrors through!

IV.

Circled by these columns hoary,
All the field of fame is ours;
Here to carve a name in story,
Or a tomb beneath these towers.
Southward still our way we trace,
Winding through an icy maze.
Luff her to—there she goes through!
Glory leads, and we pursue.

Undaunted, though, despite their mirth,
Still by a certain awe subdued,
They reach the last retreat on earth,
Where Nature hoped for solitude.

Between two icebergs gaunt and pale,
Like giant sentinels on post,
Without a welcome or a hail,
Intrude they on the realm of Frost.

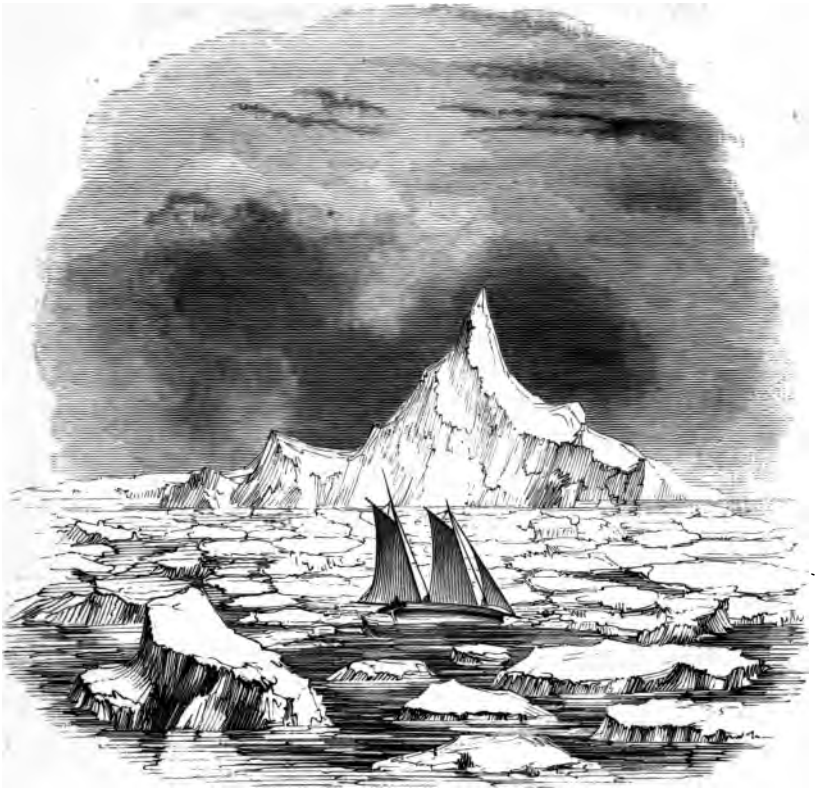
In desolation vast and wild,
  Outstretched a mighty ruin lies:
Huge towers on massy ramparts piled:
  High domes whose azure pales the skies.

And surges wash with sullen swash,
  The crystal court and sapphire hall;
Through arches rush with furious gush,
  And slowly sap the solid wall.

Cold, cold as death—the sky so bleak,
  That even daylight seems to shiver;
And, starting back from icy peak,
  The blinking sunbeams quail and quiver.

They smile, those lonely, patient men,
  Though gladness mocks that scene so drear:
They speak—yet words are spent in vain,
  Which seem to freeze upon the ear:

And when at eve, with downy flake,
The snow-storm drops its veil around,
The weary sleep, the watchful wake;
But both alike in dreams are bound.



V.

Benighted in the fleecy shower,
  Wee Thulia slowly southward creeps;
Now overhung by tottering tower—
  Now all becalmed 'neath jutting steeps.

Dim through the gloom, pale masses loom,
  Like tombs in some vast burial ground:
Here stalking slow, in shroud of snow,
  Ghost-like the night-watch tramps his round.

Gray twilight glimmers forth at last—
  The drapery of snow is furled;
And isles of ice slow-filing past,
  Reveal the confines of the world.

Day marches up yon wide expanse,
  Like herald of eternal dawn;
But shifting icebergs now advance,
  And shut him out with shadows wan.

Mountains on hoary mountains high,
  O'ertop the sea-bird's loftiest flight:
All bleak the air—all bleached the sky—
  The pent-up, stiffen'd sea, all white.

Here Thulia lies a bank of snow:
  Each sail hung round with gelid frill:
Festooned with frost her graceful prow;
  And every rope an icicle.

Amid the fearful stillness round,
  Scarce broken by the wind's faint breezing,
Hist! heard ye not that crackling sound?
  That death-watch click—the sea is freezing.

They breathe not—speak not—murmur not;
  But in each other's face they gaze,
While memory, fancy, tender thought,
  Turn sadly back to other days.

Long years roll by in that wild dream—
  Long years of mingled joy and pain;
But like a meteor's erring gleam,
  'Tis gone—there stands the ice again.

The ice, the piles of ice, arrayed
  In forms of awful grandeur still;
But all their terrors how they fade,
  Before proud man's sublimer will.

Uprise, all life, that gallant crew—
  Prompt action echoing brief command:
Each puny arm now nerved anew,
  With strength from His almighty hand.

With straining oars and bending spars,
  They dash their icy chains asunder:
Force frozen doors—burst crystal bars—
  And drive the sparkling fragments under.

In fitful gusts, the rising winds
  Wake the still waste with hollow moan;
While icebergs, like beleaguering fiends,
  Close up before and follow on.

The whooping gale swells out the sail,
  And gives fresh force for harder blows:
At every blast a danger's past,
  And Thulia flies to meet new foes.

Now to the charge she drives amain,
  Her fragile bows uprearing high:
Recoils, and rushes on again,
  Till mingled ice and splinters fly.

Careering—reeling—on her side
  She lies, with burnished keel all bare:—
Now rights again with sudden slide,
  Dashing the waters high in air.

Still jarring on, each writhing mast,
  And shroud, and stay, is well-nigh riven:
The wild, white canvas strains its fast;
  And timbers from their bolts are driven.

On, little bark! On, yet awhile!
Across the frozen desert flee;
For yonder, with its welcome smile,
Now sparkles bright thine own blue sea.

The baffled monsters fall behind,
Nor longer urge pursuit so vain:
One moment more, and rest we find—
'Tis past—she's safe, she's safe again!

With drooping peak now lying-to,
Where sea-fowl brood she checks her motion,
Like them to plume herself anew,
In the bright mirror of the ocean.

All signs of strife soon wiped away,
They northward turn—God speed them on!
To climes beneath whose genial ray,
Repose is sweet when toil is done.

NOTES.

NOTES.

(1) "Deep in a far and lonely bay,"—p. 13.

Orange Bay, Tierra del Fuego.

(2) "In other days she loved to glide
O'er Hudson's bosom bright and still;"—p. 14.

This little vessel was a New-York pilot-boat. *See Appendix.*

(3) "The stormy Cape itself looks mild,"—p. 18.

"Balmy and beautiful weather welcomed us to sea; and the very sternness of Cape Horn itself, relaxed in the mild sunshine." —*(Extract from my Journal.)*

(4) "Huge castled clouds are towering high;"—p. 22.

These peculiar clouds, in the neighbourhood of Cape Horn, are called *cumuloni*, by Capt. Fitzroy, R. N. They come up with a south-west gale.

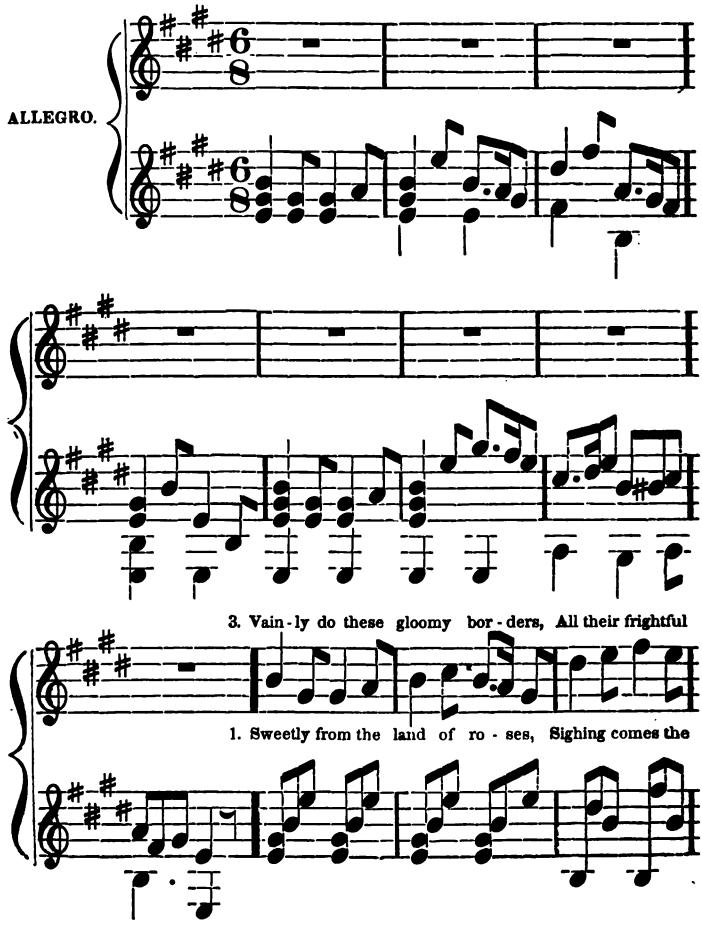
(5) "Where lightest janthine might be drowned."—p. 23.

The janthina is a fragile sea-shell, of a bluish-purple colour, kept afloat by a collection of transparent air-cells, so like the surrounding foam, that even sea-birds pass over it without recognizing their prey.

(6) ANTARCTIC MARINER'S SONG.

Page 28.

This song was set to the following music, and arranged for the Guitar, by Mr. James D. Dana, Geologist to the U. S. Exploring Expedition.



forms op - pose. Vain - ly frown these fro - zen war - ders,

northern breeze; And the smile of dawn re - po - ses,

Mail'd in sleet, and helm'd in snows. Though, be - neath the

All in blushes on the seas. Now, with - in the

ghast - ly skies, Cur - dled all the o - cean lies; Lash we

sleeping sail, Mur - murs soft the gen - tle gale; Ease the

up its foam a - new— Dash we all its terrors through:—

sheet, and keep a - way, Glo - ry guides us south to - day:—

CHORUS.

Lash we up its foam a - new— Dash we all its terrors through.

Ease the sheet, and keep a - way; Glo - ry guides us south to - day.

4. Cir - cled by these

2. Yon - der, see! the

col - umns hoa - ry, All the field of fame is ours;

i - cy por - tal O - pens for us to the pole,

Here to carve a name in sto - ry, Or a tomb be -

And where ne - ver en - ter'd mor - tal, Thi - ther speed we

neath these towers. South - ward still our way we trace,

to the goal. Hopes be - fore, and doubts be - hind,

Wind - ing through an i - cy maze. Luff her to—

On we fly be - fore the wind. Stea - dy so—

there she goes through! Glo - ry leads and we pur - sue!

now let it blow! Glo - ry guides, and south we go!

CHORUS.

Luff her to— there she goes through! Glo - ry leads and

Stea - dy so— now let it blow! Glo - ry guides, and

we pur - sue!

south we go!

THE BRIDAL ROSE.

THE BRIDAL ROSE,

After a Circuit of the Earth,

TO ITS WEDDED LADY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The adventures of the Bridal Rose occurred, for the most part, on board the United States' Ship Peacock, Exploring Expedition.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The adventures of the Bridal Rose occurred, for the most part, on board the United States' Ship Peacock, Exploring Expedition.

THE BRIDAL ROSE.

I.

SWEET lady! by whose early care,
  My frail and tender bud was nurst;
And 'mid whose bower of golden hair,
  My petals into fragrance burst;
Dear lady! 'twas my grateful pride,
To deck so beautiful a bride.

II.

Green as my leaves, thy blooming youth—
  Pure as my breath, thy holy vow—
Immaculate, thy virgin truth,
  As the white blossom on thy brow ;—
Ah ! gentle heart, where love was born,
A happy rose, without a thorn.

III.

The limpid dews from heaven that wept
  Upon me, in the summer air,
While down my stem they sweetly crept,
  Were not so sparkling as the tear,
That in thy sunny eyelid shone,
When thou didst cease to be thine own.

IV.

And when those modest blushes stooped,
  To nestle in a lover's breast,
My tiny leaflets also drooped,
  And with thy roses were caressed :
So, in a faithful heart, we heard
The echo of his plighted word.

V.

A hand as gentle as thine own,
  Removed me from thy wedded brow:
A voice of sweet and plaintive tone,
  But low and mournful, whispered now
Its blessings o'er me for another,
Who loved thee, lady, as thy brother.

VI.

A pilgrim on the cheerless deep,
  Where tender flowrets never blow,
Pressed me with kisses to his lip,
  And wept to see me withered so:—
"She knew its early bloom," he said:
"While I but know that it is dead."

VII.

How fondly o'er each faded leaf,
  That lone and loving exile hung!
As if to fancy, or to grief,
  They spoke in some familiar tongue,
Of rural haunt, or garden shade,
Where roses lurked, and childhood played.

VIII.

But still, from home and love away,
  It was our weary fate to range;
And, as we wandered, day by day,
  The sky began to wear a change,
Until the evening star at last,
Was all our relic of the past.

IX.

We wandered where the dreamy palm
  Murmured above the sleeping wave;
And through the waters clear and calm,
  Looked down into the coral cave,
Whose echoes never had been stirred,
By breath of man, or song of bird.[1]

X.

Beyond the lands where gold is sought,
  Onward the roving vessel sped:
Where battles never had been fought,
  Nor blood for glory ever shed;
And where the tame leviathan
Knew not the enmity of man.[2]

XI.

Among the palaces of snow,
  Where storms lay frozen into sleep,
And silence brooded long ago,
  Over the stern, mysterious deep,
We felt, with spirits hushed and awed,
That nature was alone with God.

XII.

Beyond the scope of aching sight,
  Lay, without limit, save the pole,
A drifting waste of dismal white,
  Whereon the sun could find no goal;
For soon as he had reached the plain,
The jaded orb arose again.[3]

XIII.

And when, at last, with wearied beam,
  Day faintly yielded to a star,
Austral Aurora's purple gleam,
  To the horizon flashed afar;[4]
And round the glowing zenith rolled,
In streaks of ruby and of gold.

XIV.

Ah! how we joyed at length to turn,
  From vales, beneath whose shroud of snow,
The hardy moss, and budless fern,
  And waxen Callixenë grow,[5]
To taste again the vernal shower,
Where roses blow in ladies' bower.

XV.

But now, where tulips proudly bloom,
  And lilies fill their cups with dew,
My leaves exhale no rich perfume,
  And sparkle with no gaudy hue;
Though I was fragrant once as they,
And bloomed as fresh, and looked as gay.

XVI.

Yet, gentle lady, once again,
  Entwine me with thy golden hair;
And let thy dewy lashes rain
  Upon my leaves a single tear;
And I will envy not their pride,
Whose blossoms never decked a bride.

NOTES.

NOTES.

(1) ——————— "the coral cave,
Whose echoes never had been stirred
By breath of man, or song of bird."—p. 56.

"We rowed from the ship, round the base of Tahara, or One-Tree Hill, and found it, at a nearer view, possessed of beauties which it had not promised from our anchorage. The west side was broken into terraces, from which the palm-trees overhung the water with their rustling boughs. * * * * * We hung in silent delight, over the sides of the boat, gazing into a sub-marine garden of coral, exceeding in luxuriance the richest flower-bed; where buds and blossoms, immature leaflets and wide-spreading boughs, mingled their infinite variety of colours and of shapes; and fishes, more beautiful than butterflies, wantoned from branch to branch."—*(Extract from my Journal.)*

(2) "And where the tame leviathan
Knew not the enmity of man."—p. 56.

See Appendix, p. 68.

(3) ———— "the sun could find no goal;
For soon as he had reached the plain,
The jaded orb arose again."—p. 57.

"January 21, 1840. The sun set at 10h. 15m. P. M., bearing

south 30° east, *magnetic.* I often read a pocket Bible, by broad daylight, at midnight."—*(Extract from my Journal.)*

(4) "Austral Aurora's purple gleam,
To the horizon flashed afar."—p. 57.

"February 7, 1840. The whole southern sky was brilliantly lighted up by the Aurora Australis. A coincidence of luminous rays at the zenith, produced a circle of cold phosphorescence; from which, to the horizon, vivid streaks rolled over one another, in a constant alternation of yellow, red and violet."—*(Extract from my Journal.)*

(5) ——· "vales, beneath whose shroud of snow,
The hardy moss, and budless fern,
And waxen Callixenë grow."—p. 58.

"And beneath this shelter, the Callixenë lurked, like a beautiful stranger, with the modest Pernettia, the homely Juncus, and a little forest of ferns."—*(Extract from my Journal, at Orange Bay, Tierra del Fuego.)*

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

ANTARCTIC ADVENTURES

OF THE

UNITED STATES' SCHOONER FLYING-FISH,

IN 1839.

* * * * * * THIS little vessel had been a New-York pilot-boat, and was introduced into the squadron, without any addition to the strength of her frame; so that her security among the ice, was to depend altogether on her good qualities as a sea-boat. After some necessary repairs at Orange Harbour, she put to sea, with a complement of thirteen souls, under the command of Lieutenant William M. Walker, whose friends took leave of him, with the ominous congratulation, that "she would at least make him an honourable coffin."

We have already seen that the schooner, finding her boats endangered by the sea in trying to keep near the Peacock, parted company on the 26th February. She lay-to all that night, and part of the next day, with the sea making a fair breach over her; but, as the gale moderated, she hastened to make sail, and, after a vain attempt to rejoin her consort, proceeded towards their first rendezvous.

The weather continued misty, with hard squalls of wind and rain, till the 1st March, which was a mild and pleasant day. On the 2d, they harpooned a cape-porpoise, whose liver supplied a dinner for the men, while its oil replenished their lamp. At midnight, the wind freshened to a gale, so variable in its direction that it soon got up a cross sea, in which the little vessel's position was truly pitiable. It was almost impossible to stand on deck, without danger of being carried overboard; and below, every thing was afloat. Books, and clothes, and cabin furniture, chased each other from side to side; while bulkheads creaked, and blocks thumped over-head, with a distracting din. This storm lasted, without intermission, for thirty-six hours, when the wind and sea abated, and allowed them a little repose; but another hard gale ensued, and then a dead calm, in which they were as much distressed for want of wind, as they had ever been by excess of it.

The next, (6th,) was a delightful day. Birds swooped around the schooner, and porpoises scampered away from her bow. In the morning, they were diverted from their course by an appearance of land; and at midnight, they reached the rendezvous, just in time to encounter a furious tempest. The wind continued, for thirty hours, to blow in heavy squalls; the sea, meanwhile, rolling in mountains over the schooner, and crushing both her boats. A dreadful night succeeded. One of the binnacles was torn from its fastenings, and washed overboard; the helmsman and look-out were severely bruised; and a sea, ripping up the companion-slide, filled the cabin with water. The very creatures of the brine seemed to know the vessel's helpless plight; for a large whale came up from the deep, and rubbed his vast sides against her; while the albatross flapped his wing in their faces, and mocked them with his bright black eye.

During a slight intermission on the 9th of March, they discovered a leak in the bread-room, and shifted some of their stores. It was now decided not to strain the vessel, and waste the season, by beating up to any other rendezvous, but to be governed by the winds: so they stood away for the south, followed by large flocks of terns, albatrosses, and petrels, with here and there a beautiful sheath-bill, so white that the snow seemed to stain his plumage.

The next day, (10th,) was spent at the pumps; for the sea top-

pled over the schooner, and threatened to ingulf her. Every seam leaked: every stitch of clothes was wet; and every bed inundated. The men had to swathe their feet in blankets, lest they should freeze; and as the driving sleet fell upon their garments, it congealed there, and incased them with ice. When the gale abated, after a dark and dismal night, they found the foresail split, and the jib, washed from its gaskets, hanging to the stay by a single hank.

They had now made the second rendezvous, in lat. 64° S., long. 90° W.; but, as there was no sign of the Peacock, Mr. Walker thought it his duty to take advantage of a fair wind, and proceed on his course. The condition of the men forbade all delays. Five, out of a crew of ten, were almost disabled by ulcerated hands and swollen limbs; while the rest suffered cruelly from rheumatism and catarrh: yet they continued to perform their duty with patient fortitude; and no exposure could draw a complaint from their lips.

On a mild and sunny day, (13th,) the second in that bright succession, the theatre of their ambition opened to view. Two icebergs stood like warders, at the gate of the Antarctic; and, as the little vessel passed between, huge columnar masses, white as the raiment that no fuller bleached, shone like palaces,

> "With opal towers, and battlements adorned
> Of living sapphire."

Soon, however, as if nature, incensed to be tracked by man to her last inclement solitude, had let loose all her furies, the tempest drew a veil of snow over the frozen city, and the vessel became the centre of a little area, walled by the piling seas. It is impossible for any one to fancy the awful interest of such a scene, without the pent-up feelings of the spectator, standing where human foot never before intruded, an unwelcome guest in the very den of storms.

They waited some time at the next rendezvous, in hopes of obtaining surgical aid from the Peacock, for three men who were quite disabled. One of these had a fractured rib, to which their nautical ingenuity applied a *woolding* of canvas and pitch, that succeeded well. This delay lost them a fair wind; but the time was well employed in repairing the boats; after which, though

they despaired of rejoining their consort, Mr. Walker proceeded to the fourth and last place assigned in his orders. The written instructions were thus fulfilled to the letter. They had attained the longitude of 105° W.: ice or discovery was to prescribe the bounds of their latitude; and with feelings in whose enthusiasm past sufferings were forgotten, they turned their faces towards the south. Icebergs soon accumulated fast; and the sea was studded with fragments, detached from the larger islands. The water was much discoloured during the day, and very luminous at night. Penguins appeared in prodigious numbers; and the air swarmed with birds. Whales were numerous beyond the experience of the oldest sailor on board; lashing the sea into foam with their gigantic flooks, and often, in mad career, passing so close to the schooner, as to excite serious apprehensions for her safety. A fin-back once kept them company for several hours; and a monstrous right-whale, of greater size than the vessel herself, lay so obstinately in her track, that the men stood by with boat-hooks to bear him off.

Every hour now increased the interest of their situation. A trackless waste lay between them and all human sympathies; and each step removed them further from society. On the 19th of March, they passed between two icebergs 830 feet high, and hove-to near one of them, to fill their water-casks. Encompassed by these icy walls, the schooner looked like a mere skiff in the moat of a giant's castle; and visions of old romance were recalled, by the gorgeous blue and purple lights that streamed through the pearly fabrics. The very grandeur of the scene, however, made it joyless. The voice had no resonance: words fell from the lip, and seemed to freeze before they reached the ear; and as the waves surged with a lazy undulation, the caverns sent back a fitful roar, like moans from some deep dungeon. The atmosphere was always hazy; and the alternation of mist and snow gave the sky a leaden complexion. When the sun appeared at all, it was near his meridian height; and they called it "pleasant weather," if the stars peeped out but for a moment.

Except when it blew with great violence, the ice broke off the sea; but their nights were so pitchy dark, that the deck officer kept his watch on the forecastle, and depended upon his ears to warn him of danger. Sometimes before they dreamed of it, the

vessel was overhung by frozen cliffs; and at twilight one evening, the look-out shouted in a voice of alarm, to shift the helm, when the next moment would have bilged her on a sunken mass. As long as their thermometers lasted, the air remained pretty constant at 32° F. and the water at 29°; and when these useful instruments were broken, they slung some water in a tin pot, and resolved to keep on till it froze. In a stiff breeze, they found it better to pass to leeward of icebergs, because the larger mass, driving before the wind, drew the fragments along in its train; but in light weather, the contrary was their practice, for then the smaller pieces drifted most rapidly with the sea.

On the 20th of March, in lat. 69° 05′ 45″ S., long. 96° 21′ 30″ W., many appearances indicated the vicinity of land. The ice became more dense and black, and much of it was streaked with dirt: the water, too, was very turbid, and colder than usual, though they got no bottom at a hundred fathoms of line. When the mist cleared, they found themselves near a long wall of ice, in piles of irregular height, extending from E. by N. to S. W. by S. with a pale yellowish blink, indicating its presence far beyond. The vessel was now surrounded by thousands of little islands, from which it became necessary to extricate her without delay; but as no visible outlet appeared, it was a difficult matter to thread such a labyrinth. By noon, however, they succeeded in reaching a more open sea; and the weather cleared up sufficiently to give them a view of several miles. They coasted along the barrier till it began to trend northward, when, night setting in with a dense fog, they hauled by the wind, and hove her to. In the midwatch, the schooner struck a floating mass, without, however, sustaining any damage; and during the morning of the 21st, she ran along several huge stratified islands. In the afternoon, the sea was clear as far as eye could reach; and their hopes began to brighten at the thought, that they had passed the French and Russian limits, and were on the heels of Cook. Every pulse now beat high with emulation; and, as long as a glimpse of day remained, they pressed towards the goal under every rag of sail.

Night set in with mist and rain; and by 9 P. M. it grew so pitchy dark, that they were reluctantly obliged to heave-to, with a fair wind from the north. At midnight it blew a gale, and they

heard a hoarse rumbling to the southward; but nothing could yet be seen. Soon after, the fog suddenly lifted; and in the brief interval before it shut down again, a faint glimmer gave them a startling view. The vessel was beset with ice, whose pale masses just came in sight through the dim haze, like tombs in some vast cemetery; and, as the hoar-frost covered the men with its sheet, they looked like spectres fit for such a haunt. Morning found them in an amphitheatre of sublime architecture. As the icebergs changed their places like a shifting scene, the prospect beyond them seemed to reach the Pole. Day came up this boundless plain. The eye ached for some limit to a space, which the mind could hardly grasp. Mountain against mountain blended with a sky whose very whiteness was horrible. All things wore the same chilling hue. The vessel looked like a mere snow-bank: every rope was a long icicle: the masts hung down like stalactites from a dome of mist; and the sails flapped as white a wing as the spotless pigeon above them. The stillness was oppressive; but, when they spoke, their voices had a hollow sound, more painful even than silence.

The schooner had become thus involved, by drifting, at an imperceptible rate, within the barrier, while the passage behind her was gradually closed, by ice returning from the north. This ice was in large, oblong floes, that floated broadside to the sea, thus lying in contact at their narrowest points, and inclined to revolve around whatever obstacle they encountered at either end. The schooner took advantage of this circumstance, to insinuate herself into every accidental pass; and, when none occurred by the motion of the ice, she had to force her way. This operation was certainly attended with great danger to the hull; and the carpenter came aft and assured the commander that the vessel could not endure it; but there was no alternative except to buffet her through, or be carried to the south; and by 9 A. M. (March 22d,) they reached a place of comparative safety, in lat. 70° S., long. 101° W. The remainder of the day was passed amidst innumerable icebergs, of whose proximity they could judge only by the noise of breakers; for it was blowing a stiff gale, and the weather was generally thick. Among the fantastic shapes of these immense structures, dimly seen through the haze, there was one

remarkable cavern, with a hole above, through which the sea spouted a column of water forty feet high.

It was fortunate that the wind lulled towards night, for no object could now be discovered through the impenetrable gloom. A thick coat of ice impeded the motion of the vessel; and it was torture to handle the frozen ropes. Under these circumstances, there was good reason to fear that the rollers might set her against some of the neighbouring islands; but, before midnight, this danger was abated by the lifting of the fog.

(March 23d.) The sun rose clear; but, before long, the mist gathered again, and combined with a heavy fall of snow to obscure the forenoon. Still the day had more bright intervals than usual; and they employed one of these in running to the southward, to examine an illusory appearance of land. At midnight, the southern aurora illuminated the sky with a bright orange glow, dappled with rays of blue, yellow, and red, whose sinuous lines flitted across one another with such a rapid transition, that the eye could not define colours so variously blended. This appearance lasted in full brilliancy for about an hour; and then flickered away in a succession of radiant streaks, followed by a fall of snow.

On the 24th of March, the schooner was again obliged to force a passage out of the ice, under circumstances truly appalling. The waves began to be stilled by the large snow-flakes that fell unmelted on their surface; and, as the breeze died away into a murmur, a low crepitation, like the clicking of a death-watch, announced that the sea was freezing. Never did fond ear strain for the sigh of love, more anxiously than those devoted men listened to each gasp of the wind, whose breath was now their life. The looks of the crew reproached their commander, with having doomed them to a lingering death; and many an eye wandered over the helpless vessel, to estimate how long she might last for fuel. Preparations were hastily made to sheath the bow, with planks torn up from the cabin-berths; but the congelation was too rapid to permit the sacrifice of time to this precaution. All sail was accordingly crowded on the vessel; and, after a hard struggle of four hours' duration, they had occasion to thank Heaven for another signal deliverance.

They had now attained the latitude of 70° 14′ S., and established

the impossibility of penetrating further, between 90° and 105° of west longitude. The season was exhausted: the sun already declined towards the north: day dwindled to a few hours; and nothing was to be expected from moon or stars. Under these circumstances, Mr. Walker, after heartily thanking the crew for their zealous coöperation, announced his resolution to return without delay. On the next afternoon, (March 25th,) they descried a large sail, and soon after exchanged three cheers with the Peacock. The vessels stood northward together for several days; when the Flying-Fish was ordered to return to Orange Harbour, where Lieutenant Walker gave up his command, on the 11th of April ensuing.